Volume LVIII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 28, 1907 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
  And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
  Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
  And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind
  But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
  The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
  They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
  Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
  And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
  But wait a little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
  The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
  Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
  Nor nursling from the nest.

—*John Ruskin.*

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Through the friendship of Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones I have permission to give his name as reference.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1907 | NUMBER 26

"I WILL LAY MINE HAND UPON MY MOUTH."
—JOB.

(Sonnet written after listening to extended speculations followed by "heated discussion.")

O wondrous Power in which we live and move,—
As gods in greatness for our moment's space!
Not ours the mighty mystery to trace
Of How and What,—nor doth it us behoove
To wail, despairing, that we cannot prove
The very lines on some benignant face,
Or through ethereal mazes with Thee race
To oil for Thee each planetary groove!

Enough if human brotherhood abounds;
Enough if earth today is fair and wide
Nor crashes yet, a cinder, to its doom!
And as for problems of extended grounds,
And as for place where myriad souls can bide,
The "infinite" can scarcely lack for room!

James H. West.

When Secretary Shaw in Chicago last week urged the organization of a "great religious trust," he borrowed the technical terms of the Treasury Department to express a crying need and a hopeful tendency of the times.

The last word on manual training and child labor has not yet been said. Prof. W. E. Watt, principal of the Graham School of Chicago, in an address before a woman's club last week went a great ways ahead of the conventional agitation. He pled for the child's right to work. Four hours of work a day alternated with four hours of study, he claimed, would make a child self-supporting and well educated also. The manual training so much contended for by progressive pedagogues, according to Professor Watt, had better be creative and to a degree remunerative from the start. It is not "child labor" that is bad, but over-child labor, and, as Professor Watt puts it, "When the child works, the parent rests and the child's life is wasted in providing for the lazy parents." There is much need of further thinking and of heroic discrimination along these lines. Children degenerate in our school from inaction as they do in the mill from over action.

While lamenting the decline of clerical leadership and perhaps the loss of prestige of the so-called religious journals, it is well to take note of the compensating fact that the daily papers and weekly journals as well as the monthly magazines are becoming more and more open pulpits from which journalist and layman continuously and persistently preach the gospel of character and righteousness. As illustration, Miss Edna K. Wooley in a recent number of the *Cleveland News* is given space to preach an incisive little sermon against the "false doctrine" of the revivalist Torrey, who insists that "salvation by character is impossible." She says, "It takes a man of character to be a staunch Christian. What do weaklings amount to, either in or out of the church! The thing we are struggling for is to become characterful. Neither prayers nor faith will save a man; he must do; he must be his own salvation. To have character he must think, and the thinking man seldom yields to sudden emotionalism. To him the Lord's light is already here, and it is our work to make it brighter."

A new York district superintendent of schools is reported as having made a great success of penny luncheons of crackers and milk for the youngest children of the public schools. There is a great opening in every city for really cheap luncheon counters not only for children but for grown-up people. A glass of milk, particularly of buttermilk, a cup of tea or coffee, does not cost more than a mug of beer, and still the mug of beer with a substantial free lunch thrown in is always available for five cents. The capitalist who will start a line of penny lunch counters, offering legitimate food and drink, ranging from a penny to a nickel in price, will not only inaugurate a great temperance movement, but will make money. One such a "saloon" will fail; fifty "saloons" will fail, but from five hundred to five thousand saloons of this kind in Chicago will make the investors rich. Such a venture must profit by all the economies of combination and the prestige of the wide advertising such a combination would give. Meanwhile here is a field for experimentation for settlements, social centers and schools, both public and private. These experiments will doubtless fail "to pay," but they will prove very profitable nevertheless.

The movement which threatens to become general throughout the states, to regulate the passenger rates of railroads, is rooted in a most fundamental principle of statecraft. The right to control logically leads to the right, when necessary or best, to own and manage transportation. What an equitable tariff is, is a complicated problem, the solution of which is as important to one party as to the other. Obviously *state* legislation is a clumsy and inadequate solution of the problem to the much traveled population of the *United* States. It is not possible or worth while to try to consider travel within state limits, for practically all travel is interstate. Hence, statesmen ought to devise some method of interstate passenger tariffs, and then if the

railroads will only insist on everybody paying the reduced rates they probably will make as much money as ever and the higher justice be realized. When the passes and the half-fares are eliminated the two and a half cent rate recommended by the Wisconsin Commission will probably bring a greater revenue to the railroads than they receive at present. If the further suggestion of the Wisconsin Commission is carried out of selling five hundred miles of railroad transportation for ten dollars and the coupons be made good for anybody until used, a railroad coupon will become familiar currency, as convenient a medium of exchange as the copper or silver coin in the pocket.

The Little Congress of Religion held in Ann Arbor, Mich., last week will be reported elsewhere in this paper, but it was such an easy, unique and striking success that it deserves editorial comment. A few weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Patton, of the Congregational church, and Rev. Mr. Foote, of the Unitarian church, put their heads together and said, Let us have a Congress. Other ministers in the town gladly assented. The ladies in five different churches joined in doing the hospitable. A significant program was promptly arranged,—three papers in the morning, three in the afternoon, two addresses in the evening. The eight names in the printed program represented seven different denominational or non-denominational affinities. Quite beyond the expectations of the most hopeful the people turned out and the large audience room seemed well filled at each of the three sessions. Frankest opinions, widely divergent, were expressed on "hot" subjects, but they were received with the courtesy and welcome which the earnestness in which they were delivered deserved. It was all done in a day. At least six or eight different localities and perhaps three times as many ministers were represented. Not only Ann Arbor but Michigan was touched in a vital way and steps were taken right heartily to multiply the "touches" and to prolong and enlarge the genial spirit, the come-together movement in religion, upon which movement morality, devoutness, individual and civic piety now wait more anxiously than any other movement of thought and feeling that can be named. There was nothing done at Ann Arbor that could not be done in a score of other towns in the United States today, and the result would be the same in every case. Let other ministers take note and "go and do likewise."

Chicago, as Philadelphia, has come to one of its political humiliations and the "honest" and "independent" voter stands not only humiliated but convicted, if not of treachery then of imbecility. In Chicago the brains and the conscience of the city have been meekly standing by waiting to see what the "party manipulators," the "political bosses," the "federal crowd" and the "ward gang" would hand out, and now the intelligent voter has the grewsome consolation of a "choice of evils." Busse, the republican candidate, is a man of low ideals, coarse habits; a man whose elevation in politics has always been along the lines of vicious partisanship, of vulgar bargaining, to say nothing worse. Dunne, the democratic nominee, is a much higher type of man. Personally he is a clean homemaker, a man of unquestioned public spirit, a devoted student of civic interests on franchise lines; but he often falls a victim to his friends; he is open to the suspicion of being unduly "swayed" and of changing his mind too often. His abandonment of the traction ordinance, to the perfection of which he gave so much enthusiasm and loyalty, is a surprise and a disappointment to thousands of his more level-headed friends. But for this he could be forgiven, for still he is loyal to his municipal ownership propaganda as he understands it. But his persistency in refusing to recognize all Sunday closing laws as "no laws" and his imbecile assumption of the police incapacity to suppress crime in Chicago in its high-handed defiance in the brothel, the gambling dens and the saloon is an accepted fact, and that things must be in these directions as they always have been, represent qualities and tendencies which the intelligent voter of Chicago ought not to be compelled to swallow in order to avoid the more bad tasting pill which the republicans offer. There are voters enough in Chicago who can discriminate between the sabbatarian narrowness of the Puritan and the sociological liberality that expresses itself in the one-day-in-seven-for-rest legislation, who are also interested in a progressive settlement of all municipal questions, to elect a candidate on these advanced lines if they could only be liberated from the absurd and inane bondage of partisan politics. There is no tyranny today comparable in American life with the tyranny of party dominations over the conscience and interest and intelligence of men. All the more sad is this because neither party represents a single defined issue that appeals to the conscience or the wisdom of the American people. There are side issues, many of them, but all of them cut across the dead and deadly lines of democracy and republicanism as represented by their henchmen from their national committees down to the precinct captains. The hope of the nation today lies in the gleams of discontent discoverable all along the line. Before us lies a copy of the Dallas (Texas) *Times-Herald,* containing in full a sermon by the Rev. Marion Franklin Ham, delivered in the Unitarian pulpit of that city, which is a strong denunciation of the party loyalties. In this sermon Mr. Ham sounds no uncertain notes and sets an example which if followed by the thousand or more preachers in Chicago a few weeks ago might have nerved the discontent into efficiency. Says Mr. Ham: "The man who boasts that he is a party man of the straightest sect is not a safe leader; he cannot see vital issues clearly; he is a dangerous man in a democratic form of government, because his party organization is placed above the real welfare of the people."

Susan B. Anthony

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION AT MUSIC HALL, FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 15, 1907.

Stenographically Reported by Mary M. Leppo.

Profound as is the line of sex in life, radical as it seems to be in biology, there are depths in human nature below the sex line and there are heights in human nature that transcend sex consciousness. There are degradations in human nature that obliterate the marks of the woman; there are heights in human nature which ignore sex emotions and distinctions, profound as they are. And the first thing that manifests itself in the contemplation of such a character as we have before us tonight is that gender does not count; it ceases to signify. The life work of such an one must be considered, not, as George Eliot says, as "woman's work," but as work. And if she is to be put among her peers, they must be selected from those on either side of the line who have become the common property of the race, the conspicuous stars in history, the glow points of the centuries.

In thinking of the fellows of Susan B. Anthony we must range among the few men and women who have so consecrated themselves to the interest of the whole that they have obliterated not only the lines of nationality, of social position, but the very distinctions of nature itself. Susan B. Anthony had senatorial proportions. Susan B. Anthony in an emergency could have marshaled armies, were she not engaged in the use of more militant and triumphant weapons. Susan B. Anthony was timber out of which to make chief justices which would have honored the supreme bench of the United States and would have rendered decisions that would have become historic. And had she not come perhaps a century too early, she would have been the logical candidate of the United States for a place on the international supreme bench of the organized world. America has produced no candidate more fitting for a place upon the international tribunal of The Hague than Susan B. Anthony, so judicial was her mind, so penetrating was her sense of justice, so unswerving was her conscience, so unflagging was her zeal and persistence. Susan B. Anthony was built on so large a ground plan that we cannot understand it, except when we put it alongside of its fitting companions. We range through the century she honored and perhaps cannot find as many more to put into that list as we have fingers on both hands. However we may state it, or however we may fail to formulate Susan B. Anthony, we know that she belongs up there somewhere on the high ranges of humanity where Kossuth and Garibaldi, Cavour, Mazzini, Tolstoy, Lincoln and Hugo belong.

Did I not say right when I said that there are heights in human nature which obliterate sex distinctions, as there are depths in human nature where gender does not obtain and need not count?

Another thing impresses us in the study of this columnar character, one of the rare glow points of the nineteenth century: that she became such by the educating power of an absorbing enthusiasm. She had her school story; she had her school ma'ams and school masters; she knew her books once upon a time, and doubtless mastered the things that belong to the slate and the blackboard. But these do not account for her education; these do not enter into that magnificent training. Emerson said: "The universe takes care of the education of the boy that seeks the right. The Almighty pours his strength into the arm that is lifted in the interest of justice." And so, Susan B. Anthony's education came through the enlightening power of a splendid enthusiasm. She herself, in her humility, always insisted that she had but one idea and one cause. Take her at her word. If that be true, then on the one string of her harp she evoked orchestral strains. If she had but one tune she could sing it in many tones, so as to charm and soothe, inspire and strengthen, all along the gamut of human society and human life. And we who knew her and loved her well, know that she did not know herself when she claimed the monotonous quality or the monochrome character. For her life was anything but monotonous and her story is anything but flat and commonplace. On account of, not in spite of, her devotion to this one idea, all other ideas hastened to take their place in the line and to serve so high a commandant.

Culture that is chased after at the cost of conviction and devotion and consecration, position that is courted by sacrificing the things that mark and make individual and bring the characterization of idiosyncrasies are superficial and flat and unprofitable.

And so the second consideration that comes to us when we study such a character as this is the correlation of force as manifested in the realms of the spirit as it has been demonstrated in the realms of matter in the century just gone. The scientist can make light, heat and motion play hide and go seek, one with the other—disappear in one form and pop up in the next. So in the mysterious laboratory of the spirit, moral enthusiasm and enkindled conscience in one direction is ready to serve in any and all high directions.

We have been reminded tonight that Miss Anthony was a friend of the black as well as of the white woman; that she served in the anti-slavery war as in the camps of the women suffragists. You might go up and down the list, draw up any decent reform, and Susan B. Anthony belongs there. Go find where the thinkers were; go seek the heroes or the heroines on any line, in any land, and Susan B. Anthony belongs there. She knew her own and they knew her; she was at home there.

Oh, there is a splendid correlation of the reforms as there is a correlation and conservation of force. All

the virtues are not only akin, but are identical; and so, find a great and splendid apostle of any one of them you will find a valiant champion of all of them.

I have said that Susan B. Anthony finds her peers on the high table lands of the century where the rare men and women have climbed. Already tonight her name has been used in connection with that of Lincoln. This has been a busy week for me; I have been talking Lincoln morning, noon and night, up and down the railroad for two hundred miles, and all the time when I was talking Lincoln I could not help but think Susan B. Anthony also, and I was caught more than once confusing names. For she was the Abraham Lincoln of this reform that we tonight represent; she was the great divinely appointed and humanly anointed representative of the prophetic cause which we here plead for, and she represented it in the same way that the great Illinois rail-splitter represented his,—by a prophetic courage, by a divine audacity, by a reckless indifference to immediate results.

Away back in '57 or '58 Lincoln said in regard to the famous passage of the "house divided against itself" in his Springfield speech, "I would rather be defeated with the passage in the speech than to win out with the passage omitted." Doesn't that sound like Susan B. Anthony? She kept saying that thing all through life, and, like Lincoln, she lived to hear the "hisses changed to cheers."

I am not forcing a parallelism to prove the aptness of my assertion. I am going to read you a few lines from what is perhaps still the masterpiece in the Lincoln poetry; the poem that saved England from the humiliating disgrace of letting the great American Emancipator go out of the world without a fitting tribute from any of her gifted and chosen sons. When Lincoln fell Tennyson had no line to sing his praises. Our beloved and vigorous Browning did not sing Abraham Lincoln; the defiant Swinburne had no line to sing his name. Even the one so jealous for the "common life," William Morris, and the prophet of labor and beauty, John Ruskin, did not see Lincoln; as neither did any of her great statesmen and philosophers unless it be John Stuart Mill. Even Gladstone and James Martineau could not detect the dimensions of a Lincoln.

How like that was the fate of Susan B. Anthony. How few were the statesmen, how rare were the master-singers, how far apart were the great philosophers who recognized in her an embodiment of that which was noblest and best in the life of the nineteenth century, and the prophetic promise of the still better things that were in store for the twentieth century.

But over there in London there was one man who saved the good name of England. He was England's joker, the editor of *Punch*. "Tom Taylor," by virtue of his profession, perhaps of the humorous and on that account of the human, got in just in time to save himself and England. I am going to read some of the lines of Tom Taylor's Poem to Lincoln, changing only the gender of the pronouns, and see how well it fits, how perfectly it fits.

(Reading.)

Do not these lines suit her well? They belong to Susan B. Anthony although they were written to Abraham Lincoln, because Abraham Lincoln and Susan B. Anthony were twin children of providence, commissioned to do the high work of the century, plighted to human rights, vowed to liberty and to freedom.

Oh, the high refrain of prophecy! Oh, the searching commission they pass on and down to us!

We have been talking today, Madame President, of memorials and tributes. Let us beware lest our dollars and our phrases turn to mockery. Let us beware lest we offer an indignity to the name we would honor. There is no adequate memorial to Susan B. Anthony except that which will write in the statute books of state and nation the demand to which she gave her life. There is no way of commemorating such a life except by perpetuating her work and carrying on the banner, pushing on the lines, and bringing the victory for which she bargained.

I said, Madame Chairman, that there are heights in human nature above the sex line. I appeal to those heights tonight, not only because I believe that in the contemplation of such a character as Susan B. Anthony we all belong there and get up there, but I do it in order to satisfy my own masculine humility; for, let me confess it, with a sense of dismay almost, I started out to count the pantaloons in this audience tonight, and the result was so very discouraging that I will not declare the count. I have always felt that the cause to which Susan B. Anthony gave her life will never come to fruition, will never be realized, until it is taken up by that strata of human nature which is above sex line; until the men who now arrogate to themselves directing force will recognize that the principle of *noblesse oblige* is binding here; it is for us who can to recognize the rights of our fellow beings; we, who all can, must bring it about.

I have but little interest and not much inspiration in championing this cause in the presence of a lot of fellow beings who wear their hats indoors; I like to get at the class of human beings who wear their hats out of doors; I like to get at those who can and do go to ballot boxes now; we must carry this case up to the masculine voter and compel him to recognize his meanness. There is no use handing bouquets around here tonight; it would be disloyal to the memory of Susan B. Anthony. There is no other way of putting it,—we men are mean, mean as can be about it. We know very well there are a lot of women who are better able to do everything that a voter does than a lot of voters we are anxious to round up this spring at election time. We know very well that there is no problem, municipal or national, today before the American people that cannot be more completely and righteously determined by thousands upon thousands of disfran-

chised women than it can be done by hundreds of thousands of franchised men. We know perfectly well, we men do, that the old antiquated claim that citizenship belongs to the sword-bearers, will not hold. And even if it came to that, I would rather belong to a noble regiment of twentieth century Amazons than to a debilitated, awkward squad of degenerated men. For even war, grewsome, grim, antiquated and outgrown war, is now not a matter of brawn but of brain; it is not a matter of muscle but of nerve; it is not a matter of brutality but of mentality. And if it must come to that, commend me to an intelligent woman police rather than turn me over to a drunken, lumbering lubber of an ignorant man. But we know very well that that argument does not count; we know very well that science has long since established the clear fact that the boasted patriarchal origin of society is unscientific, untrue to history. There was a matriarchate in primitive life way, way back before there ever was a patriarchate, and the line of royal descent was first handed down from mother to child, and not from father to child. It is not true that society was organized around the chieftain who led the braves to war. It is everlastingly true that society was organized around the hearthstone where mother crooned to babes and conserved the family circle with wholesome food and plenty of it. The mother lies deeper in human society than the warrior does, and the fireside and not the camp of battle is the fundamental element in the state.

But I am not here at this hour of the night to carry my little basket of coals to this Newcastle, Madame President. Give me an audience that is worth while, an audience that needs to be enlightened and informed, and I am at your service, anywhere and at any time you can catch me.

I thank you for the privilege of standing here this moment, and wish to confess with you my great indebtedness, my increasing reverence, my growing love, for the great soul of Susan B. Anthony,—great in its patience, great in its breadth, great in its vision,—all of which is proven by her great capacity to stand alone and to defy the arguments of the expedient and the time-server, great because she lived in close communion with the eternal and dealt with facts and forces of eternity and not of time.

Pioneer

Long have we sung our noble pioneers,
  Vanguard of progress, heralds of the time,
  Guardians of industry and art sublime,
Leaders of man down all the brightening years!
To them the danger, to their wives the tears,
  While we sit safely in the city's grime,
  In old-world trammels of distress and crime,
Playing with words and thoughts, with doubts and fears.

Children of axe and gun! Ye take today
  The baby steps of man's first, feeblest age,
  While we, thought-seekers of the printed page,
We lead the world down its untrodden way!
  Ours the drear wastes and leagues of empty waves,
  The lonely deaths, the undiscovered graves.

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

A Rainy Day

The soft, gray rain comes slowly down
Settling the mists on marshes brown,
Narrowing the world on wood and hill,
Drifting the fog down vale and rill.
The weed-stalks bend with pearly drops,
The grasses hang their misty tops,
The clean leaves drip with tiny spheres,
And fence rails run with pleasant tears.

Away with care! I walk today
In meadows wet and forests gray;
'Neath heavy trees and branches low;
'Cross splashy fields, where wild things grow;
Past shining reeds, in knee-deep tarns;
By soaking crops and black, wet barns;
On mossy stones, in dripping nooks;
Up rainy pools and brimming brooks,
With waterfalls and cascadills
Fed by the new-born grassy rills:
And then return across the lots
Through all the soft and watery spots.

Away with care! I walk today
In meadows wet and forests gray.

—*L. H. Bailey, in the March Century.*

In Memoriam

MRS. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.

Dear UNITY.

I have been thinking for several weeks—ever since the death of our beloved and noble Mrs. Hooker—that I ought to write for your columns a few words about her, particularly in regard to her interest in UNITY. For many years she had been a member of the Unitarian church in Hartford, and when I came here as its pastor in October last, of course I soon formed her acquaintance. Mrs. Sunderland had known her before and had worked by her side in the suffrage cause years ago. I, too, had heard her and met her, but not really to know her personally. On making her acquaintance here I found her just as deeply interested as she had ever been in the advancement of woman, and indeed in every form of social, intellectual, political and religious progress; although her health and strength were gone, and she knew that her active work in all these directions was done. One day I found her reading UNITY, with a file of the paper by her bedside. This led to a conversation about it, in which she spoke of its character, mission and influence in the spirit of highest appreciation, saying that she had taken the paper nearly or quite from its beginning and valued it more highly than any other periodical. She spoke also in the very warmest terms of its editor—his breadth of sympathy, his religious insight, his prophetic vision, his ability and courage. She said she had found his judgment coinciding with her own upon nearly every great public question, and she regarded him as doing quite as important a public work as any man in the American pulpit today. Such testimony as this from such a woman as Mrs. Hooker is quite worthy of record.

Mrs. Hooker is regarded with great love and honor by the people of Hartford, especially by all who sympathize with liberal religion and with a larger life for woman. It was a great regret to her that she had to lay down her arms and retire from the battle before the cause of equal suffrage in her own state of Connecticut was won. But her influence lives on, the cause to which she devoted so many years of labor is still alive and pushing forward. A bill has just been brought before the Legislature to enfranchise the women of the state. The day of victory is not very far off.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Hartford, Conn., February 22, 1907.

THE PULPIT

The Hope of Nations

III.

A Study of Disarmament.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, FEBRUARY 3, 1907.

At the opening of the twentieth century, civilization is confronted, perplexed, almost broken by a strange paradox, a distressing and discouraging anomaly. Here is, on the one hand, a marvelous growth of industrialism, an increasing triumph over the force of nature, renewed skill in the manipulating of its forces and the compelling of its materials to contribute to the comfort and to extend the power of man, and on the other hand, as I have shown in the previous sermons in this course, a great elaboration of the enginery of war, unparalleled investments in the armament of nations. The navies of the world were never so extensive, the armies of civilization were never so numerous in times of peace, and the expenditures in the interest of war were never so lavish. Industrialism and militarism, though logical foes, inimicable in interests, antagonistic in spirit, have grown side by side and are now viewing each other, not with friendly eyes, but are glaring at each other from hostile camps. The prophets of the race have lifted up their voices incessantly against the wickedness of war. Artists have portrayed the horrors of the battlefield on canvas; economists have piled up their figures high showing the wastefulness of war. Still, notwithstanding the loss of the life-blood of the nation, the ghostliness of war, and, what is still more lamentable, the blunting of the moral sensibilities, the corrupting of the lives of men and women, the degrading of the heart and disintegrating of the ideals of nations, the devastated fields of civilization are still reeking with human blood.

The century just gone was a contentious and battling century. Our own Mexican war, the French invasion of the same territory, the horrors of the Crimean struggle, England's disgraces in the far east, the Franco-Prussian war, and, latterly, the Americo-Philippine, the British-Boer and Russian-Japanese struggles were all struggles for territory; quarrels about boundaries. Not to mention the more guerrilla-like disturbances of the South American countries and the Turkish turmoil within the horribly afflicted territory on the border lines of Europe and Asia, these wars have all been wars of conquest, disputes over boundary lines, questions, in the last analysis, of possession, of wealth, of domination, in the supposed interest of commerce, trade, property; interests which, when unmasked and compelled to stand forth in their nakedness, reveal the grinning, ghastly skull and cross-bones of greed, greed, and still more greed,—sometimes a greed of power, sometimes a greed of honor, but always back of it a greed of dollars. Our own Civil War stands unique, not only in its extent and costliness of life and treasure, but because, by common consent, it was a war for principle; there was a philosophic problem, an ethical contention at the core of it. Here once more liberty, human freedom, resorted to the arbitrament of the sword.

The pressing question of this hour is, "What are we going to do about it?" Is there to be no end to the tiger methods in human affairs? Must the law of the jungle contend forever with the law of love in the affairs of civilization? Will the would-be apostles of peace continue to emphasize their beatitudes with the crack of cannon? Are the disciples of the "meek and lowly" whom they adore as the "Prince of Peace," they who mouth the oracles of the beatitudes, are they to continue to invoke benedictions on the sword and to justify destruction, as they did in our own invasion of the Philippines, on the score that it advanced the interests of the Christ and shortened the road between Pagan and Christian, rejoicing in gun-powder extension of Bible influences?

The time has gone by when war can be defended as an "instrument of grace." The god of battles is himself challenged by philosophy, distrusted at the altars of reason. The groans of the dying, the tears of the widow, and the emaciated forms of neglected orphans overthrows his altars and deny his existence.

Lecky has said that "The wars of the last thousand years have been either in the interest of the gods, trade, or something called 'honor.' That is, 'the divine right of kings,' 'the supremacy of nations,' or what we call 'the glory of the flag.'"

It is sad to confess that Christianity itself, though boasting its allegiance to the Prince of Peace, has been a fertile mother of war; perhaps of all religions next to Mohammedanism it has inspired the most bloodshed. Oh, how much good blood has been spilled in God's name! How many bodies have been mutilated in this world in the interest of soul-happiness in the next!

Emerson quotes the good Christian, Cavendish, who in reporting his return voyage of exploration around the world in 1588 said:

"It hath pleased Almighty God to suffer me to circumpass the whole globe of the world. I have either discovered or brought certain intelligence of all the rich places of the world which were ever discovered by any Christian. I navigated along the coasts of Chili, Peru and New Spain, where I made great spoils. I burned and sunk nineteen sails of ships, large, small and great. All the towns and villages I ever landed at I burned and spoiled."

All this he did "under the sanction of and to the glory of God."

"What are we going to do about it," then? How is this paradox to be destroyed? How is the tiger to be eliminated from modern statesmanship and the brute driven out of our legislative halls? Thus far most statesmen have wrung their hands in helpless imbecility in the presence of this question. Any suggestion of a cessation of hostilities and a disarmament of the world has been met with the sneer of the practical man, has been disposed of as a "millennium dream," as an "Utopian impossibility."

What, then, is the hope of the nations? Not that war is going to become so terrible that men will refuse to engage in it, or that it will grow so expensive that nations will hesitate before investing. Human nature is daring and adventurous. Terrible guns are matched with a more adequate resisting armor. Human nature is plucky. Hobson's band were representative soldiers. If war is to cease, it must cease by virtue of the growing judgments of humanity; it must be stopped by the conscience of the world. Militarism is the product of legislation, and by legislation it must cease. Armies and navies are the result of deliberate legislation; more deliberate legislation must remove them. They are justified always to conscience on the score that they are the guardians of peace, the protectors of life, but facts do not justify the logic. The life of a man who "carries a gun," as they say on the frontier, is in greater danger than is the life of him who ever goes unarmed, even among violent men; besides, the weapon, concealed or otherwise, which the man carries in self-defense, too often kills the wrong person.

As with individuals, so with nations. The "Big Stick" invites violence, while the "soft answer turneth away wrath," in the councils of nations as in the practice of individuals.

Germany, the most belligerent of modern nations, is ever prone to throw down the gauntlet on a slight provocation. Its war department is very vigilant to guard its shores, its prosperity, and its honor, while Switzerland, Holland, and now the Skandinavian Powers, are free to devote their energies to the problems of peace, and no one "maketh them afraid," so long as they keep the path of rectitude. Their foes are ever those from the within and not from the without.

"What can we do about it?" We can at least revise our ethical estimate of the value of war and recognize the verdict of science and of history, which shows that one wrong cannot be righted by perpetrating another; one life cannot be brought back by taking hundreds of others; people cannot be uplifted, physically, morally, intellectually or religiously, on the point of the bayonet.

Says Alfred Wallace, the scientist, a loyal Englishman:

> "The condemnation of the English system of rule over tributary states is to be plainly seen in the plague and famine that run riot in India after more than a century of British rule and nearly forty years of the supreme power of English government."

And the facts he adduces in this connection from parliamentary papers deepen the conviction that whatsoever of good England has carried into India has been carried there in spite of her guns and not on account of them.

The experience of England in India, or other European Powers in Africa and Asia, and the humiliating record of our own country in regard to the Philippines show more and more the ethical fallacy of the assumption that the life of any people can be permanently elevated by the government of an alien and a remote people. All such attempts carry in their wake horrible brutalities, unspeakable sensualities, a disintegration of morals, a degradation of woman, whose purity is the foundation of civilization, both to the invaded and to the invaders.

I am not unmindful of the fact that commerce, science, the liberal arts and a more spiritual religion have done much to atone for the black records of aggressive war in India, Africa, and the islands of the sea. Warren Hastings and Clive and their armies brought no light into India, but Sir William Jones, Monier Williams, Edwin Arnold and their fellow missionaries and the white-winged vessels of peace and commerce did carry a radiance wherever they went. So has it been; so will it be more and more.

The ills of the world, whether they come from religious error, physical poverty, national degeneracy, or primitive barbarism, are to be remedied, not by fighting, but by the triumphs of science, the power of diplomacy, the skill of the legislature and the messengers of love and duty.

The origin of gun-powder is obscure; for a long time it was supposed to have been invented by a German monk, Bertholdus Schwartz, about 1320. But this religious origin does not hold. The Moors are said to have introduced it into Spain; it is pretty well established that it was used in China over two thousand years ago. The religious uses of powder must give way with the claims of the German monk to its discovery.

War will cease, then, not from fear of powder, but from contempt of its service. When it is understood that the dominion of the cannon is nothing more nor less than the domination of blood-thirsty primitive instincts intensified, the cannon will be thrown aside, because it will be seen that it does not accomplish the ends hoped for. Slowly but surely we are coming to see that even our own Civil War, the cleanest war, the highest war, the most humane war ever waged on the foot-stool, carried the banners of progress only a very little way forward. Chattel slavery was destroyed, but race animosity remains. The handcuffs were broken, but the cruel handicaps of prejudice still obtain. The school-house and the church, the poet and the philosopher, must still do the real work, and in addition to the task itself comes the awful work of undoing the bitterness of war and restoring or overcoming the devastations of the battlefield.

War must cease, then, not because it has become too expensive or too terrible, but because mind has gained the ascendancy over passion; the brute has given way to the man; because intelligence and not force rules. In short, because the reign of morals and religion is beginning to be. The end of international wars does not mean a reconstruction of human nature, but simply a development of it. It does not mean that strife, disputes, antagonisms, will cease; it does not mean that we must wait for a millennium; it simply means that national disputes, governmental jealousies, the rival interests of communities and races, will be settled as such disputes between individuals are now settled; and that a violation of equity, an indignity to justice, an encroachment upon the rights of others, will be punished as such violations are now punished among individuals,—at courts of justice; the criminal will be judged by his peers and the decision will be enforced by the combined powers of an organized world.

Dueling has already been outgrown. Love no longer breaks its lances on the fields of chivalry; and the time is at hand when national duels, the attempt to determine the demands of justice and excellence by an appeal to force, will merit and receive the same contempt and indignation of a rational country that is now listed upon the pugnacious individual.

We are already further advanced on this road to peace than the superficial reader of current papers and he who is content with traditional ethics and historic standards can possibly realize, spite of the facts and figures of modern day militarism which we have been considering. The signs are auspicious; the hope of the nations lies in disarmament, and that will come by extending the provisions of the courts by an application of the laws which now settle quarrels between individuals to the disputes between industrial corporations, combinations of labor, communities, states and nations.

We are well on our way towards a federated world. Federation is in the air. The republics of America are reaching out hands, the one to the other. On the high mountains of South America stands the Christ of the Andes, signifying the pledge of amity between Chili and Argentina, in token of the plighted bond that henceforth their interests will be mutual, that they will stand together for each other's rights, and never more fly at one another's throats. Literally these warring nations have beaten their swords into plowshares; fortresses have been converted into schools, and the money once demanded to sustain an idle army is being devoted towards developing their mineral and agricultural resources.

The great principalities of Australia are well along towards an organized Australasia. "The United States

of Europe" is no longer a strange or meaningless phrase to the thoughtful in Europe. The monthly organ of a society looking towards this organization has been published for many years at Berne. As far back as 1864 the laboring men of Europe unfurled the word "international" on their flags. They recognized the community of interests binding together the trades and the crafts of the world. This word, which was then suspected, ridiculed, characterized as "incendiary," has today become the word by which, more than any other word in the dictionary perhaps, the sages and the saints, the patriots and the poets, conjure.

The International Postal Union is today one of the most far-reaching, inclusive and effective as well as one of the most benign organizations in the world. By means of this Union the maid in your kitchen for five cents can send a message to her sweetheart in the heart of the Black Continent on the most solitary island in the Indian Ocean, and if the lover cannot be found her message will be returned to her with the compliments of an organized world.

"The Inter-Parliamentary Union" is beginning to make itself felt among the legislative powers of the world. There is an "American Society of International Law," dealing with forces more congenial as well as more important to the intelligent tax-payer than international military exhibitions or the hateful parade of warships flaunting their battle flags and belching their thunders in the face of the twentieth century.

Recently a California fruit grower, David Lubin, through the coöperation of the King of Italy, has secured the organization of an "International Institute of Agriculture," ratified by a protocol of the United States senate and subscribed to by forty-two other nations of the world.

All these forces, with the thousand other world-reaching movements in education, in art, in commerce, are developing a world-consciousness which will surely put the nations on a peace footing on lines anticipated by the blessed little Queen of Holland, seconded by the well-meaning, albeit imbecile and blundering Czar of Russia. Young Nicholas may not have understood himself when he issued the famous Rescript, but others saw that he builded wiser than he knew. And "the Russia of the iron hand," the Russia of tyranny, the Russia that has laden the name of "Siberia" with horrors, the Russia that caused the streets of a hundred hamlets to run red from the atrocious massacre of Jews, is also the Russia of Tolstoy, Verestchagin, Tourgenieff, Kropotkin and Wolkonsky.

Not all wars are waged by bayonet and cannon. Within the last century a new class of entities, living organisms, have come into being,—incorporated capital on the one hand and organized labor on the other; and wars industrial threaten to disturb the twentieth century even as wars military have disturbed the peace of the preceding centuries. But the tactics of war are barbaric whether waged on the field of Mars or in the machine shops and the factories of the world. Here still the ethics of duelling obtain.

When provocation passes a certain point, the appeal to power rather than to justice, the resort to might rather than right, is accepted on both sides, always with a defiance to justice, an indignity to principle, and a menace to the interests of all parties concerned.

Arbitration, particularly "Compulsory Arbitration," is a phrase repugnant in the main to employer and employé. Capitalists and labor unions are alike afraid to trust their case to a jury of their peers. But arbitration is only an appeal to a Competent Court, and in the complex issues of industry as in the complex problems of nations, the "Competent Court" must be something more than the ordinary judicial tribunals of the state. The bench of judges must be specially constituted—made up of men and women with judgment and experience adequate to the occasion.

The nations will disarm when high courts of arbitration in the form of an international police force, are provided for, and Labor Unions and organizations of capital will disarm themselves whenever competent courts of arbitration are clothed with adequate authority to find and to enforce the ultimate decision, and not until then.

It was my fortune or misfortune, as the case may be, to be a member of the Mayor's Commission appointed to try to bring to some amicable conclusion the vexed struggle between the Employers' Association of Chicago and the Teamsters' Union in 1905. The first organization was made up of the millionaire merchants of State street and their associates; the second, of the men who drove their wagons.

This Commission undertook to bring the belligerent forces into conference on a Sunday afternoon in the office of the Mayor of Chicago. The attorney of the Employers' Association at a previous meeting of this Commission had given his answer to an invitation to confer, by flaunting his policeman's star and flourishing a loaded revolver in the face of the Committee composed of ladies and the Mayor, and representing the pacific contentions of religion. Into this Sunday afternoon conference came this score or more of capitalists. Vehement rhetoric was applauded, violent denunciations, the defiant attitude was upheld. Brave business men grew white with rage at the suggestion of conciliation, conference or adjudication. The word was "no conference," "no compromise." It was war, and "war to the finish" with no quarter to organized labor on the part of organized capital there represented.

In that particular meeting the representatives of labor were conciliatory, judicial and calm. They showed a desire to bring an end to the unholy strife that was visiting such painful penalties upon the innocent third party—the long-suffering public.

I thought then and think now that the Employers' Association at the outset was more sinned against than sinning and that a just solution of the struggle would in the main have sustained their contention. But I thought then and think now that the temper of mind, the attitude of those millionaires, was rebellious, anarchistic and humiliating, and that a refusal to submit their case to the just arbitrament of fair-minded men and women, their equals in culture, civic pride and patriotic purposes, was a pitiable confession of weakness, a lamentable manifestation of the survival of the brute, and a concession to the brutal. They thus placed themselves at a disadvantage by the side of the less favored, the more helpless, the untraveled and unlettered antagonists who sat on the wagons through rain and shine, through light and darkness, in the interest of the commerce of which they proudly boasted. In thus repressing the pacific methods of reason and resorting to the tactics of war, they put themselves hopelessly in the wrong.

The State street merchants were fighting for their jeopardized dollars; the drivers were fighting for their jeopardized bread. A lessening income menaced the former; hunger and rags menaced the latter.

Noblesse oblige! The more favored, those who held the powerful strategic advantage, were the more grievous sinners when they refused to carry their case to the highest court possible to civilization—the court of justice organized in accordance with law, the bench of judges selected from their peers and committed to fair inquiry and righteous decision.

The disarmament of nations will come alongside of and with the abrogation of the tactics of war in the industrial and commercial world, when combinations of capital or of labor can, like individuals, carry their grievances to a competent court and compel their adversaries to answer the charges, submit their defense, and abide by the decision.

In Geneva, Switzerland, there is an "Alabama Hall," the room in which were settled by peaceful arbitration some of the vexed diplomatic complications between the United States and Great Britain, springing out of the complications of the war for the Union. At any other time in the world's history these complications would have precipitated another war. But here was accomplished perhaps the first great bloodless diplomatic triumph the world ever knew. Both nations were triumphant. England in the main established its claim, and America triumphed over its prejudices and graciously bowed in submission before the goddess of Equity.

Some years later in the same City of Geneva, perhaps in that same hall, Clara Barton, the childless mother-nurse of America, achieved the greatest piece of international diplomacy the world has ever known, —that which lifted the banners of the Red Cross high above all the other flags of the world, putting suffering humanity, the maimed and the bleeding, into the realm of perpetual amnesty. Here non-combatants were for the first time made exempt from the assaults of either side.

In that same hall today rests the plow made by the plow-makers of Moline, Illinois, out of the swords and other trophies of war, contributed from both sides in the war for the Union. It was the pride of our Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. It now rests under the protection of the little republic of Switzerland, a perpetual symbol of that coming warfare which will be the contest of mind for the rights of the weakest; the standing army of principles marshaled whenever necessary in the courts of arbitration, that will settle on high lines of thought and justice the disputes of nations, industries, factions, and individuals.

The great inspiration of the warrior is undoubtedly his "flag," which represents the honor of his country. But the flag, in the hand of the soldier, too often becomes an emblem of passion. There is no sanctity in a piece of bunting when it ceases to represent high ideals and to typify the spirit of altruism and love. We have had enough of the patriotism behind which masks political conceit and national arrogance. George Eliot was right when she said of such patriotism,—"It is the virtue of narrow minds." "Our country right or wrong" is a devilish maxim. "Our country right, to keep it right; our country wrong, to make it right," is the divine substitute. "He knows no language who knows but one," is the academic dictum of the scholar. "He loves no country who loves but one," is the religious dictum of the devout. He who nourishes a hate in his heart against any child of the living God, however humble, or who lives and dies under the mad delusion that the God of the universe delights in his narrowness and glories in his prejudices, is infidel to the highest faith. He denies the universal God, the "Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

"If there is to be a war," said Captain Parker on the Lexington Green one hundred and thirty years ago, "let it begin here." In his name and in his loyalty, let us, proud inheritors of his achievements, say,—"If war is to cease, let peace begin here and now." Too tardily has the United States presented herself on these advanced battle-fields of the spirit.

It was tardy at the Geneva Congress that the wounded man was made international and the surgeon as well as the ambulance corps was neutralized. A few years ago our senate refused to close a beneficent treaty between England and the United States that would make its international tribunals permanent. Even at The Hague we appeared shame-faced with our hands red with the blood of innocent and far-off islanders. Too often do we hear even yet, "It won't work!" "They don't mean it!" "What is it of our business!"

Let us "mean it;" let us "make it work." The Almighty will attend to the brakes on the car of progress; it is for us to build fires under the boiler, to steam up, and to pull the throttle-valve.

"O but this is sentimentalism!" "Philanthropic emotion!" "Impractical humanitarianism!"

Is it so? Well, if so, the more do we belong there.

Has it come to this in the United States of America, that a man must curb his highest inspirations, split his vision, qualify his conviction, that success may come?

Has it come to this, that we must reason out on the baser side of our lives, survey the shorter lines of expediency in order to be regarded as practical? In order to be practical, must we compound with felony and murder? If so, let us hasten to plead guilty to the "soft impeachment."

Let us declare our faith with George Eliot, that "Sentiment is the better part of the world's wealth." I for one believe that the principles of heaven are none too good for earth. Deny me the rights of citizenship; call me "traitor," if you will; let me belong neither to sect nor to country, only that in some poor fashion I may deserve the greater title of "Philanthropist"—a lover of men. I am content and will die happy if I may win a membership, however humble, in the church of Abou Ben Adhem, who wanted to be enrolled as "one who loves his fellow men." I want to be a citizen of the world, a voter in the federation of humanity, where war is lawlessness and violence treason. I plead for that civilization that discounts the redeeming power of the bullet and of the bayonet. I plead for that civilization that will convert battleships into universities. I would dismantle the grim fortresses and remand to the fields and the shops the supple youths that now people the strongholds of war.

I remember, as one who once wore the uniform and is not ashamed of it, that the boys who were equal to the tests of battle, in subsequent years sometimes proved pitiably inadequate to the tests of citizenship. I know those who won honor with the bayonet and sometimes won dishonor with the ballot.

Let us rise, then, to this higher heroism; let us try to believe what we say about the "universal brotherhood," the "divine in the human," the sacred rights of every soul and the supremacy of spirit over matter. Let us rim our proud banner with white, that the center, which represents our own and chosen land, may be circumferenced and guarded by humanity. Unworthy is he of a country who does not recognize that it is a fragment of that greater and nobler whole,—the World.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Fellowship Meeting at Ann Arbor

Last week at Ann Arbor, Mich., was held one of the most interesting and suggestive local meetings, under the auspices of the Congress of Religion, which has ever been attempted. While it was distinctly stated in the program and by the speakers that the meeting was held under Congress auspices, it was also true that both the program and all arrangements were made by a local committee of which Dr. C. S. Patton, pastor of the Congregational church, where the meetings were held, was chairman. The program as outlined in UNITY last week was carried out in every particular and proved to be exceedingly interesting to a large audience. The most surprising feature of the whole program was the very large attendance at the morning and afternoon sessions. It is relatively easy to secure a good audience for an evening platform meeting, but the attendance at the day services was very large, the large auditorium being well filled at all hours of the day. We shall hope to present to the readers of UNITY as complete a report as possible, including most of the papers which were read. At this writing the writer wishes to emphasize two things by which he was deeply impressed.

It cannot fail to be an inspiration to every man who has at heart the real progress of the kingdom and the upbuilding of the church of God, to find all local denominations of the church working together in sympathy and fellowship, coöperating in the most Christlike way for the common ends of the church. So far as we could ascertain all of the Protestant denominations were represented on the platform during the day, as one clergyman after another brought his contribution to the feast of inspiration, and also at the lunch served by committees from the different churches working together in the parlors of the Unitarian church. More than once the words demanded utterance: "How beautiful it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The hearty Christian fellowship of Trinitarian and Unitarian, of Jew and Christian, was one of the inspiring object lessons and prophetic truths of the Ann Arbor meeting.

Again the range of topics, the breadth of view, the divergent and dissonant expressions of theological truth, and yet the harmonious spirit, the frank and inspiring discussions,—these things could not fail to convince most of us that the ideal and method of the Congress was both workable and worthy. Most assuredly not every speaker convinced all his hearers. Contending views were neither overthrown nor abandoned. But when all was done the things we hold in common, the ultimate and fundamental norms of truth, and still more the divine and eternal ideals of life, these things were an inspiration to all alike; and when the large audience sang together "Nearer, My God, to Thee," not one stopped to think that this was a Unitarian hymn or to question the adequacy of its expression of the abiding faith of Jew as well as Christian. The two splendid addresses at the platform meeting in the evening by Dr. G. G. Atkins, of the First Congregational church, Detroit, on "Affirmations in an Age of Doubt," and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, on the "Overlapping Territory in Religion," brought these inspiring meetings to a fit climax and convinced us all that the affirmations were vastly more than the negations and that the things we can do together vastly more than the things we must do separately. It was good to be there and to believe that this meeting is only a prophecy of diviner things yet to come, to which the Michigan State Conference of Religion, which was formly projected and arranged, will, we trust, make no slight contribution. C. A. O.

UNITARIANISM AND LIBERAL ORTHODOXY.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1907.

DEAR MR. OSBORNE: I can hardly answer your question about "the essence of Unitarianism as distinguished from liberal orthodoxy," as briefly as you wish, unless by simply saying that I think the main fact about the two parties today is that, though differing somewhat, nothing of the "essence" of either distinguishes one from the other.

One way to test the matter would be to take a short statement of faith from each side, and see if the points stressed as most vital to religion in each are not largely represented in the other. I have no such statement from your side at hand, but inclose one I prepared some years ago for our own church vestibule tables here. What of its "essence" would you change? Very little, I suspect. And probably, the same thing would be true of a statement by you in my hands. If so, agreement in things that concern all the "essence" of religion is the great fact about us today. And if that be so, I do think the day's duties laid on us both is to join in proclaiming the fact—in order to be true to ourselves, to each other and, above all, to religion.

That is not saying, however, that we are identical, or had better abandon old denominational names and connections. For there are minor differences. What are they? Take those four principles on pages 1 and 2 of the leaflet. Your liberal men might not call them the "four things supreme" in religion, but they would claim them all as their own, and would probably emphasize now the third and fourth as strongly as we. But not the first two. If I judge you aright, your men are consciously more under the authority of Jesus as his, and of the Bible as such, than we—and by so much are less committed to "Freedom of Reason and Conscience in Religion." Again—forgive me this word if I'm wrong: I only write at your asking—do not many of you think clearly, and even, perhaps, say out in the ministers' meeting, what you but hint in the pulpit, or else fringe there with old phrases and hymns which make it safely dim to the people who listen? This not often from personal cowardice, but from a mixture of conscience with fear of results—from belief in the ethics of the "esoteric" and "exoteric" business, and the "milk for babes" and the "more things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now" method, and infinite "elasticity of symbols," and etc. I have supposed that a very much larger proportion of liberal orthodox men than of Unitarians has approved of the ethics of Dr. Crapsey's position. Whether this be the vision of an awakened, or of an unawakened conscience, it greatly limits freedom to utter conviction, and by so much the "Freedom of Reason and Conscience in Religion."

Take the second principle: Fellowship in Religion. Do many of your progressive men venture as yet to exchange pulpits with a Unitarian or Jew, however deeply religious and a man of Jesus' own spirit you feel him to be? Some of you are really nearer to some of us than to many of your own more conservative brethren; but that is seldom openly avowed, and practical "fellowship" largely stops with the sect line. Again there are "reasons," I only speak of the fact.

Now glance over the "doctrines" of Unitarianism, as I ventured to state them. You would heartily accept each and all, would you not? But would not all of you emphasize more and most of you a great deal more, the uniqueness of Jesus in "Incarnation," of his Cross in "Vicarious Atonement," of the Bible in "Inspiration"? Not but that many of us would approach more closely than I perhaps to many of you on these points. I think Unitarianism is right in the width of its vision in these matters, but that Orthodoxy, by the very mistake of its concentration on Jesus has realized better than we the depth of the meaning of those supreme facts about Man in his nature and history—"Incarnation" and "Vicarious Atonement"; and that as the width and the depth of their meanings unite in our recognition we shall all reach a higher religion than ever before.

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*The OUTLOOK CONFERENCE recently discussed the question "How does liberal orthodoxy differ from Unitarianism," and the secretary wrote to a few prominent Unitarian ministers asking them the question as a contribution to the discussion. Although these letters were not written for publication, we feel sure their authors will not object and the discussion is both interesting and helpful. C. A. O.

Therefore hasten the day I say when you and we shall proclaim "essential" unity, across all our minor differences. More humility, more bravery, more faith in the power of truth, more realization of religion—but, if possible (and in these days of "Evolution" I think it may be possible) no more breaking of old ties. New needs the old everywhere, old needs the new everywhere. "Inter-denominational Unity" hints the coming solution of the problem, I think.

W. C. GANNETT.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FAITH OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

"Our churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

"Nothing in this Constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims."—[*Preamble to the new Constitution, unanimously adopted, 1894, by the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.*]

"Unitarianism is not a doctrine, and it cannot possibly be propagated as mere doctrines are propagated. We say it is a spirit, it is a life, it is an attitude of soul. We point to a man like Channing; and we say, something of that spirit, something of the attitude in which that man faced the universe, something of that openness of mind, something of that elasticity of the spirit, something of that triumphant faith in the destiny of all men, we desire for ourselves, and we desire to impart to others."—*S. M. Crothers.*

What makes one "liberal" in religion? To hold four things supreme:

(1) *Freedom* of Reason and Freedom of Conscience, the *Method* in Religion—instead of Tradition and Authority.

(2) *Fellowship*, the *Spirit* in Religion—instead of Sectarianism.

(3) *Service*, the *Aim* in Religion—instead of Salvation for Self.

(4) *Character*, the *Test in* Religion—instead of Ritual or Creed.

Whoever holds these things *supreme* in religion, that man, whether he be a Jew or a Christian, whether Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist, is a "Liberal." "Doctrines" must needs differ; names will differ; but no "doctrine," however true and important, ranks with these supreme things. In these, and only in these things, lies the hope of religious unity. On these four "principles," as on corner-stones, slowly uprises the One Catholic Church of Man.

And these are our own Unitarian principles, our noblest ideals. Therefore, when asked: What is Unitarianism? these are the things to name *first*, as the most important—our Method, our Spirit, our Aim and our Test in Religion.

Whoever holds these ideals supreme, he and we are of one religious fellowship: of creed-tests or name-tests for fellowship Unitarians know absolutely nothing, when true to themselves. Whoever loves and lives these ideals better than we is our teacher, whatever church or age he belongs to. So our church is wide, our teachers are many, and our holy writings are large.

After these "principles" come "doctrines," the ideas commonly believed among us today, but always held open to restatement, as growing thought and purer life reveal new truth.

Our Unitarian doctrines, so far as one may speak for his brethren, are these:

We believe in God, the One, the Eternal, the Life and the Light and the Law and the Love indwelling in all things.

We believe in the Soul, and its kinship with God.

We believe in the Universe, as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order.

We believe in Evolution, as the Life of God unfolding itself in the Universe; through rock, flower, brute ascending to man, and to higher man, and to higher than man.

And, therefore, we believe in Incarnation—God manifest in the flesh; manifest in all men, and most in the heroes and prophets and saints of the race; manifest in Jesus as "one man true to what is in you and in me."

We believe in Vicarious Atonement, as God's method of lifting the races to nobler and happier life by so interknitting their members in joy and in pain that nothing can live and nothing can die to itself; Jesus' death on the cross being one glorious type of this universal law.

We believe in Conscience, as the Voice of the "Ought," God's Ought, in the individual Soul; and regard Sin, Shame and Hell, on the one hand—Repentance, Forgiveness, Regeneration, Salvation and Heaven, on the other—as successive experiences of the Soul that departs from, and returns to, its law of the inward Ought.

We believe in Prayer, as the Soul's conscious communion with the Indwelling God.

We believe in Inspiration, as the instreaming into the Soul of Light and Power from God. In genius, in the vision of new ideals, in the transfiguration of sorrow to peace and of bodily weakness to spiritual might, we see effects of an Inspiration as fresh and as wide and as certain as morn in the skies. In the Bibles of man, old Scriptures and new, we see records of such Inspiration.

We believe that True Living is the working together with God to further his glorious ends. And we find that such living wakes in us assurance of God, of the Soul, and of Life Everlasting.

We believe in Deathlessness—in the impossibility of extinction for the Soul that partakes in its nature of the nature of God.

We believe in the Law of Cause and Effect in this life and all lives; that Good and Evil invariably carry their own recompense "no good thing being failure and no evil thing success."

We believe that all things work together for the victory of Good.

For this great faith of ours men have been in prisons and suffered and died, that we might be free to believe it. Today we are free to believe it; but in many places, yes, in most, it is little understood, and those who believe it *openly* are still often spoken against. That gives us something to do for the faith—we should stand for it frankly and loyally and intelligently, that others may the sooner learn what it is and share in its blessing. The world is not done with asking, "Why are you a Unitarian?" and we ought to be able to answer that question clearly. But one has well said that a more important question, that men are also asking, is, "What is your Unitarianism good for? What are you going to do with it? Show us how it is to help, uplift, inspire this world of ours." And we must try even harder, much harder, to answer the question well.

W. C. G.

MY DEAR MR. OSBORNE: The essence of Unitarianism in America—and, I think, in England—is the Real Presence of the Living God: That the Child and the Father are in personal communion. Or, if you like the New Testament words: That the rule of God is at hand.

I thought at first that I would add an essay on "liberal orthodoxy." But I will not. I might say something cross. Practically all of them are Unitarians and some of them dare to say so.

Mrs. Stowe, the author, said to me once that when at Andover their sachems were in one of their ghostly discussions as to "substance of doctrine" and other ways in which they could tell lies, she said. "I will tell you how to choose your professors. Find out who of them believes that his prayers will be answered when he prays." That was excellent doctrine, which at that time Andover could not stand.

Washington, D. C. EDWARD E. HALE.

Chicago, Jan. 29, 1907.

DEAR MR. OSBORNE: The Unitarian Church is the only one I know which in matters of theology definitely avows the scientific attitude in matters of belief. Liberal Orothdoxy practically sets a premium on conformity to what has been generally accepted.

In place of any statement of belief we place a statement of our attitude towards truth as it changes and grows.

Moreover, nothing, not even a council, stands above or can interfere with a congregation's choice of a minister. This last *used to be* the position of all Congregationalists, but now it has been decided by men in Massachusetts that a Congregational minister who has not been ordained by a council cannot legally celebrate marriages.

Together then lead me to define Unitarianism as an alliance of free and independent churches, united in their endeavors to seek for truth as it reveals itself to unbiased inquiry and to apply it to the guidance and promtion of life.

As a matter of fact it does of set purpose take this attitude in its choice and treatment of its chosen teacher. And so far as I know it is the only church that does so.

Church of Messiah, Chicago. W. HANSON PULSFORD.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

University of Chicago's New Head.

On Wednesday, February 20, the trustees of the University of Chicago unanimously elected Harry Pratt Judson president of the university. Inside circles for some time have felt reasonably certain that Dr. Harper's mantle would fall upon Dr. Judson, for, by virtue of long association with both Dr. Harper and the university, and because of his conceded mastery of the executive problems of a great educational institution, as conclusively shown by his able and acceptable incumbency as acting president during the past year, he was undoubtedly the logical candidate for the university headship. Dr. Judson is not a theorist nor a dreamer. He is probably not the idealist that his predecessor was. His temporary administration has been one of practical execution, liberal conservatism, universal thoroughness and unfailing courtesy, and it is but fair to presume that as president *de facto* he will continue to administer the affairs of his office along the same approved lines. Under its second president the university may justly look for healthy growth, for the carrying out of all that is practicable of Dr. Harper's noble plans and aspirations, for judicious appointments, and for a non-deficit financial policy.

Local Option in Illinois.

The pending bill for local option in Illinois is of far more importance to the state at large at present than much of the proposed legislation that has survived committee chloroformings and is now under public discussion. While the saloon, a peculiarly American institution in one sense, and decidedly un-American in another and higher sense, is beyond all doubt a detriment economically and morally to human progress, the most prolific source directly and indirectly of crime, degeneration and misery, and therefore ought not to exist, at the same time experience has shown that under present conditions of human society attempts to legislate it abitrarily out of existence—or any other evil growing out of the exercise of individual passion or appetite—are futile, so far as attaining practical results is concerned. Local option seeks to reduce the saloon evil, but in a truly democratic manner, without infringement of individual rights, and in accordance with our national tradition of majority rule. It puts the question directly where it belongs: to the unit of society next in order outside the home, the local community. The success elsewhere, notably in the state of Vermont, to the writer's knowledge, of local option as applied to the liquor evil, is so marked that its adoption ought to be more general. In the face of frantic opposition to the pending bill on the part of the liquor interests the friends of local option at Springfield need and solicit the moral support of their constituents.

Fit to Print?

A recent decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court sustaining the constitutionality of a law forbidding the publication in newspapers of the details of a hanging in that state suggests a moment's reflection upon the mooted question as to how far the press should go in the matter of reporting salacious and ordinarily unreadable details, which the law permits to be brought out in a court of justice. The majority of high-minded people are probably at one in the feeling that the press—and certainly the yellow fellows with their morbid overstatements—abuses its time-honored prerogative of freedom in allowing so much space for "news" that is corrupt and subversive of the public morals. On the other hand it is held that these matters are of deep "human interest" (to use a much-overworked phrase); that their suppression in part, which at most is all that could be expected, only whets the public curiosity the more and really accomplishes more harm in the end than good; and finally that full publicity *ad nauseam*, the unvarnished truth of the wickedness and depravity of human society (especially of the *high* variety) will do more to turn the public stomach against these things than either silence or censorship.

Mr. Cleveland in Chicago.

Chicago welcomed Mr. Cleveland last week with loud acclaim and open arms. Surely no man is more deserving of honors at the hands of his countrymen than our only living ex-President. A President's responsibility to his people does not cease when he walks out of the White House a private citizen. There is no greater opportunity afforded any man in our country, excepting the President himself, for moulding public opinion, for striking a telling blow for great reforms, for making the spirit of a nation constructive instead of destructive, than that which is an ex-President's. He has the country's ear at all times. His public utterances command attention. Ex-President Cleveland in his recent speech on Washington's birthday here in Chicago must have realized this responsibility, for his oration was a carefully prepared homily, a patriotic utterance that every loyal American should read and can read with profit. We doubt, however, if Mr. Cleveland availed himself of the full measure of his golden opportunity. His words were stately, grave, deliberate, statesmanlike; his periods well rounded, as always; his advice sage and timely. But it was quite like listening to an old-fashioned sermon: here and there platitudes, trite observations, an occasional inspired paragraph, a good healthy moral, a stirring peroration, all framed in unimpeachable rhetoric! Possibly it is too much to expect of Mr. Cleveland that he should come forth from his well-earned retirement and discuss some specific, burning, national issue in true Jeremy Taylor style; but we confess to some disappointment that he did not.

P. S. W.

The Longfellow Centennial

In honor of the centennial of Longfellow's birth, February 27, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the poet's publishers, will bring out two interesting volumes in limited editions—one, a beautiful illustrated new edition of "The Hanging of the Crane," and the other, a memorial volume containing a new sketch of Longfellow's life by Charles Eliot Norton, together with Longfellow's chief autobiographical poems.

"The Hanging of the Crane" is one of the most popular and beautiful poems of home life, and carries out the spirit of Longfellow's lines elsewhere,—"Home-keeping hearts are happiest * * * to stay at home is best." The circumstances leading to the writing of this poem form a story in themselves. "One morning in the spring of 1867," writes Mr. T. B. Aldrich, "Mr. Longfellow came to the little home in Pinckney street (Boston), where we had set up housekeeping in the light of our honeymoon. As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Longfellow, turning to me, said, 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small round table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it; as years go on, leaf after leaf will be added until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic poem of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months afterward, I received a note from Mr. Longfellow in which he expressed a desire to use this *motif* in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one peculiarly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew 'The Hanging of the Crane.'" It was first published in 1874.

The new centennial edition of "The Hanging of the Crane" is exquisitely illustrated in photogravure from drawings by Arthur I. Keller, one of the foremost American illustrators, whose work in the recent holiday edition of Bret Harte's "Her Letter" was very successful. Mr. Keller has shown great interest in his latest work and has made sketches and notes for the backgrounds of his drawings from the interior and exterior of the Longfellow house in Cambridge, where the poet hung his own crane in 1843.

Books Received

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY:

Psychology of Religious Belief. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph. D.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By George Edward Woodberry. Price 75c net.

Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations. By E. Parmalee Prentice. Price $1.50 net.

The Religious Conception of the World. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. Price $1.50 net.

The Steps of Life. By Carl Hilty. Price $1.25 net.

The Way to Happiness. By Thomas R. Slicer. Price $1.25 net.

Labor and Capital. By Goldwin Smith. Price 50c net.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.:

The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. By George Wharton James. Two volumes. Price $5.00 net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.:

Realities of Christian Theology. By Clarence Augustine Beckwith. Price $2.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS:

Christian Theology in Outline. By William Adams Brown, Ph. D. Price $2.50 net.

PILGRIM PRESS:

The Main Points and Other Homilies. By Charles R. Brown. Price 25c net.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—In one sense truth alone can be exaggerated; nothing else can stand the strain.

MON.—The worst and most dangerous hypocrite is not he who affects unpopular virtue, but he who affects popular vice.

TUES.—In cataloguing the facts of life the author must not omit that massive fact, illusion.

WED.—Surely it is more important to be educated in a sense of human dignity and equality than in anything else in the world.

THURS.—The pessimistic reformer points out the good elements that oppression has destroyed; the optimistic reformer, with an even fiercer joy, points out the good elements that it has not destroyed.

FRI.—Men feel that the cruelty to the poor is a kind of cruelty to animals. They never feel that is injustice to equals; nay, it is treachery to comrades.

SAT.—Comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel; but rather our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy, which through God shall endure forever.

—*From Charles Dickens, a Critical Study by C. K. Chesterton.*

Drudge

I waited long until the sky
  Should give me of its blue
To weave and wear, and share and weave
  The very stars into.
The days they went, the years they went,
  And left my hands instead
Another thing for wonderment,
  The mending and the bread.

Ah me, and one must set a hand
  To burnish up the task,
And hush and hush the old demand
  A wakeful heart will ask.
But with a star's clear eye on me,
  Oh, I can hear it said,
"What souls there be, that only see
  The mending and the bread!"

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

The Social Life of Children

Among all the articles that are written about children—their health, their schooling, their clothing, the development of their minds, their moral training—there is one point that it seems to me is very little touched upon, and that is their social life. Very little seems to be written at all about the home in connection with social life, beyond the directions for menus, and the serving of meals, or directions for the prevailing mode of entertainment, new games, or new settings for them. Yet in all the art of living—which is so deeply interesting because it offers always larger achievement to those who have the patience to study it—there is no subject that requires more attention than that of providing social life in the home for children.

It is not too much to say that it is the keynote of their future existence as men and women, something never to be lost sight of among the most serious duties of life. In itself it is one of the most serious duties. One can never be indifferent to the companions of one's children—in that all sorts of dangers lie. They *must* be known, almost as thoroughly as one knows one's own children. There is nothing that gives such control, there is nothing that has such influence in establishing real sympathy between parent and child, as a real and intelligent interest in the social life of the latter, and in the quality of the amusement provided for it. It is in the hours of recreation that the character is most plainly shown and most easily formed. And no amusement that a mother isn't in some way part of has any real life in it—that's the strangest thing about it. It isn't necessary, or even advisable, that she should take part in every play, or always be with the children—but she must be felt by them to be back of the pleasure.

Children have such an instinct for being mothered that if they cannot get that feeling of intimate protection at home, that feeling of being *made the best of*, they will frequent, if possible, the house where they do get it, where a "piece" may be had when one is hungry, and someone has time to make paper epaulettes for the soldier suit, and where breaking something is condoned if one hasn't been disobedient. The house that in the long run they elect to play in, the house where the "yard" is always full, may or may not be replete with toys and games, it may be the home of a large family of children, or it may be the home of an "only" child, but you may be sure, without being told, that there is a mother in the background whose interest is always felt—a mother whose divining support or wholesome restraint can be always counted upon. All that little social world takes its life from her; without her it would dissolve into nothingness.

It is often strenuous work to take care of half a dozen children besides your own, but I don't know of anything that pays better in the long run. You control your children's environment and association; you keep out what is unfit for them, those who, after trial, won't assimilate. Some day, it may be, your little boy goes to see a new playmate—and never goes again. You question him afterwards: "Was Edward's mother at home? Did she speak to you?" Yes, she was at home, he answers, somewhat reluctantly. She didn't speak to him, she only told Edward not to make any noise. Something in your boy's expression unconsciously reflects the expression of Edward's mother. That is all, probably, that you will ever get out of him, but he will never go there again. Edward comes very often to your house, so honestly outspoken and care free that you may never realize the glib caution of that restricted life at home.

Even a large family doesn't obviate that need of other friends, if it were not already a fact that a large family is apt to be more gregariously inclined than any other. There is a certain clannishness and narrowness engendered when the members of a family play together exclusively—each knows just what is to be expected of the other, they will all like or all dislike certain things. Then, also, a child must play either up or down, according to the age of the brother or sister companion; the play is never quite on a level. Where one is unaccustomed to strange children the least difference in a little stranger offends. And social life doesn't consist in merely playing together. The minute the outsider comes in—no matter how familiar an outsider—something else comes in, too, the necessity for little unselfishnesses, little politenesses. "Company" should always have concession.

And it's a satisfaction to know that the social life of a child doesn't depend on money.

With children it's not the big pleasure that we can give them next week or next month that counts, but the little pleasure that they want today. And even a very tiny pleasure may have a life-giving quality—a quality of unselfishness, or hospitality, or generosity, something that is shared, or something that makes one good because one is happier. All our work over our children and for them, all the advantages that we can give them, mean nothing if we do not regard their lives in their relation to the lives of others.—*By Mary Stewart Cutting, in Harper's Bazaar.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY | UNITY | ESTABLISHED 1878

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE CHURCH AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT.—The First National Peace Conference in America is to be held in New York City in April and will be attended by a considerable number of distinguished foreign members of the Interparliamentary Union and of European peace societies, as well as the representative thinkers and peace workers of America. In the meantime every effort should be made to enlist the coöperation and sympathy of all possible organizations and forces for the creation of a strong public sentiment in favor of the propositions that will come before this national congress and eventually, it is [illegible] before the second Hague conference for official action.

In all the leading countries of Europe a similar effort is being made and is reflected in the peace organs of the various foreign societies, some of which find their way to my table.

For *Concord*, the journal of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, published in London, Mr. Felix Moscheles has been writing a series of articles: "Patriotism Challenged," in the latest of which are these strong words of appeal to the church:

"Is it not primarily for the dignitaries of the church to denounce and to anathematize the demon of war? Is not the whole question of the abolition of the right of the strongest essentially one to be studied and expounded by them? From the elevated position they occupy they have every opportunity of realizing how heavy are the burdens imposed on the toilers, how dire is the distress of down-trodden populations, working in the sweat of their brow that they may feed and keep the very armies and navies that keep them in subjection. Surely the high priests of all Christian denominations should be the leaders, not the waverers or opponents in the great struggle for emancipation from the rule of force, in the glorious wrestling for life and light, for liberty and right.

"Religion! They say that religion is so delicate a subject to discuss, so apt to lead to acrimonious controversy, that we should touch upon it only with the greatest caution. I do not agree, but believe, on the contrary, that this greatest of all questions affecting the weal and woe of humanity should be honestly and unhesitatingly tackled when and wherever it presents itself. There are those who would sooner die the death of the martyrs than give up a particle of their faith; may they rather be destined to live and to lead the lives of the Saints. There are those to whom such faith has not been vouchsafed; and may their convictions, their doubts or disbeliefs, be equally respected. The recognition of the liberty of conscience is perhaps the greatest achievement of modern times; let us guard it jealously, but let us not hesitate to draw the line where consciences are so elastic that they would have us give that to Cæsar which is God's. There is much of evil that is done and that seeks justification under the plea that conscience dictates it. Many consciences are satisfied that the Church has nothing to do with politics, and that it is for the State alone to judge whether our interests demand that we should refuse allegiance to the fundamental principles of our religion. We cannot endorse such a conception of our duty. And when the crisis comes and conscientious Churchmen step in to bless the banners of the hosts going forth to slay, and to encourage those who stop at home and have to pay the costs, we must once more enter our protest.

"And so it comes that some of those who believe in a more practical application of the Christian doctrine, are asking whether the good men whose mission it is to expound the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, could not make a firm stand, proclaim a sort of ecclesiastical strike, and roundly declare: 'We will not go on teaching if you will not go on learning. We will not give you absolution, furnish you with field chaplains, console you on the battlefield, soothe you in your agony with the hope of a better world, if you will not put into practice that Commandment which says: Thou shalt not do murder. We will close our churches and our chapels; a Christian church without Christians is an anomaly.'

"A strange notion, is it not, to fancy the clergy on strike at the head of the Peace movement, or of a revolution? Stranger still that it should be strange. The time has not yet come for the realization of such fanciful dreams. The good patriot is still taught that he has to be a good citizen first and a good Christian afterwards (that is when circumstances permit), and that he is morally justified when he proclaims the central doctrine of his religion: Love your neighbor, and forthwith begins to cramp and dwarf its import. He may love some of his neighbors, he is told, but not all, so he draws the line carefully to define the limits of his Christian affection. That there should be no mistake he plants flags, places lynx-eyed custom-house officers with probing irons, and stern sentries with fixed bayonets, on his frontiers, and dots these with frowning citadels and impregnable fortresses.

"I stop here, as I might have done elsewhere, well aware that I have only touched upon the fringe of my subject. It matters little . . . for the subject is uppermost in men's minds and, however I may pause, it has 'to be continued' by all those who would find a remedy for the existing social and international evils. And as, in this generation arbitration has entered the domain of practical politics, so Internationalism will be the foundation on which the coming generation will build up the world policy."

With growing frequency for the last three years, one has heard and read allusions to that most notable of Peace monuments, the Christ of the Andes. Not till yesterday, however, did I ever see a picture of it. I can not but think there are many who will be glad to know where this picture may be found. It forms the very attractive frontispiece to Percy F. Martin's book of South American travel; Through Five Republics. The following account of it, taken from that volume (which, by the way, may be found in the John Crerar Library) seems to form a not inappropriate sequel to Mr. Moscheles stirring appeal to the Church.

"Probably one of the most beautiful ideas, beautifully carried out, and quite unique in its character, is the colossal statue of Christ at Puente-del-Inca, about twenty kilometers from the frontier between Argentina and Chile. The scheme to celebrate the establishment of Peace between the two Republics originated with the venerable and charming Argentine Bishop of Cuyo, M. Marcolino del Carmolo Benevente. . . .An Argentine authoress, Señora Carolina Holman Hinobus, thus poetically describes this exquisite conception:

"'But what of the statue of Christ, cast many months before in the arsenal of Buenos Aires, from the metal of bronze cannon from a fort in the outskirts of the city? The Christ of the Andes stood in the yard of the College of Lacordaire, where it had been for months, the work of the Argentine Sculptor, Alonso. At the base of this statue, 26 feet high, and resting on a granite pedestal symbolizing the world, Señora Angela de Oliveria Cézar de Costa, of the

Association of Christian Mothers of Argentina, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked that the Christ should be placed on the highest accessible pinnacle of the Andes. In February, 1904, preparations for the placing of the statue were begun under the supervision of the artist Señor Alonso. In the first days of March began the journey of the Christ, 654 miles by rail to Mendoza, and from there in gun-carriages, escorted by soldiers and sailors of the two Republics, the statue at last reached the high plateau, and was raised upon a granite column 20 feet high.

"'The inauguration ceremonies on March 13 were most impressive. Over three thousand persons gathered in that wild region, amidst the roar of cannon and the music of bands, and breaking the silence which became almost appalling when the last sounds died away in the distance of those snow-covered mountains, came the words of Monseñor Jara, Bishop of Ancud: "Not only to Argentina and Chile do we dedicate this monument, but to the world, that from this it may learn its lesson of universal peace."

"'We read on the pedestal of the statue: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chilians break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain.'"

"Of all the beautiful and impressive things that I have seen in the world," says Mr. Martin, giving his own impressions, "this remarkable statue of Christ is the most enduring in my mind. Coming upon it almost with startling suddenness as the mule-drawn coach approaches the summit of the towering Andes, the effect is solemn and forcible in the extreme. One remembers almost involuntarily the touching prayer offered up at the inauguration of the monument by the Archbishop of Argentina, Monsignor Espinosa:

"'Lord, when my voice is silent, when mine eyes cannot behold Thee, and my heart, already changed into dust, disappears with the remembrance of my existence, Thine image, represented in eternal bronze, shall be a perpetual offering on the highest pinnacle of Argentina. When the white snows shall close the pass to men, permit that my spirit may keep vigil at the foot of this monument. Protect, Lord, our country. Ever give unto us faith and hope. Let our first inheritance be the peace which shall bear fruit, and let its fine example be its greatest glory, so that the souls of those who have known Thee shall be able to bring forth for Thee all forms of blessing for the two Avericas.'"

Must not many a heart in our own "land of liberty" be inspired to personal effort in behalf of the good cause by such words as these? Let American churches make their influence felt, not waiting timidly for one another but drawing together by virtue of this living common interest. There is work for Chicago to do, plenty of it. There is work in smaller places in individuals as well. More and more they are rousing to it.

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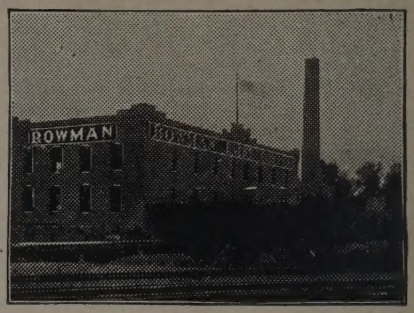

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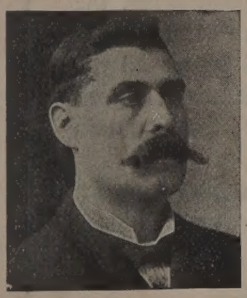
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CONGRESS CALENDAR

The schedule of dates for the meetings under the auspices of the

CONGRESS OF RELIGION

as at present arranged is as follows:

Feb. 21, at Ann Arbor, Mich.
April 4, at ———, Ill.
May 2, at Madison, Wis.
May 21 and 22 (annual meeting), at Minneapolis, Minn.
Aug. 4 to 9 (ministerial retreat), at Tower Hill, Wis., in connection with the Tower Hill Summer School, July 21-August 22.
Aug. 24, 25, 26, at Lithia Springs Chautauqua, Shelby County, Ill.

Will our friends take note of these dates and arrange to be present and share in these meetings.

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During the week August 4 to 9 a ministerial retreat will be held at Tower Hill, to which our ministerial friends are invited for the purpose of studying some recent books and measuring the recent tides and prophecies of religious import.

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